



OVER the hills and far away
There are dreadful dragons that knights may
slay —

Great snorting dragons with brazen scales,
And wings of leather, and coiling tails.
But if you 're the proper kind of knight,
With a suit of mail and a sword that 's bright,
You may whip those dragons and win the day,
Over the hills and far away !

Over the hills and far away
There are ogres living in castles gray,
With a horn to blow and the drawbridge down,
And the ogres bellow, and stamp, and frown.
But it does n't do to be frightened — no !
You must face them boldly and strike a blow,
And *then* you marry the Princess May,
Over the hills and far away !



Over the hills and far away
 There are fairy monarchs in grand array,
 With gnomes, and pixies, and brownies, too;
 And my! the marvelous things they do!
 But though they startle you just a bit,
 They will help a lad who is sharp of wit,
 And it's fun to watch when they dance and
 play —
 Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
 You may have an excellent time, I say.
 There are golden islands and magic springs
 And jabberwockies — and heaps of things!
 You can't be dull in a land like that,
 With enchanted boots and a talking cat,
 So *is* it a wonder you long to stray
 Over the hills and far away?



THE TIMOROUS TRIMBLE.

BY FELIX LEIGH.

THE Trimble saw the Gillybut
 Careering through the sky:
 "Come down," she called; "there is a Wunth
 Which snaps at those who fly!"

The Trimble watched the Gillybut
 Sail forth upon the sea.
 "Put back," she wailed; "the east is red —
 'T will blow a Shimmerkee!"

The Trimble found the Gillybut
 Asleep beneath a wall.

"Get up," she cried; "now just suppose
 The Tangskip were to fall!"

The Trimble spied the Gillybut
 At supper on a bough.
 "Jump off," she screamed; "you're sure to catch
 Odilopasis now!"

The Trimble plagued the Gillybut
 In this wise day by day;
 But *who* they were and *what* she feared
 It's difficult to say.